

*The Historie of*

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afeard of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if hee should counterfeit too, and rise: by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore he make him sure; yea, and he sweare I slew him. Why may not he rise as well as I nothing confutes mee but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come brother John, full brauely hast thou helpt Thy mayden Sword.

*John.* But soft, who haue we heere? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead, Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliu? Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight? I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fals.* No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke, *Falsifalffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is Percy, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next Percy himselve: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why Percy, I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fals.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee fole both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. He take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliu, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John. Come bring your baggage nobly on your backe, it remains it at the end of the field.

*Henry the Fourth.*

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace, He guilde it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

*A retreat is sounded.*

*Prince.* The Trumpets sound retreat, the day is ouer. Come Brother, lets to the highest of the Field, To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.

*Fals.* He follow, as they say, for reward; He that re God reward him. If I do grow great, He grow lesse; for and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should.

*The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Worcester and Vernon prisoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did Rebellion finde rebuke, Ill spirited *Worcester*, did not we send grace, Pardon and tearmes of Loue to all of you? And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary, Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust? Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day, A noble Earle, and many a creature else, Had beene aliu this houre, If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safetie vrg'd me to, And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

*King.* Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too: Other Offenders we will pause vpon. How goes the Field?

*Prince.* The noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when he saw The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him, The noble Percy slaine, and all his men, Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest: And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd, That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent, The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace, I may dispose of him.